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JULY MEETING: Following the established practice, there will be no meeting of the Association indoors this month.

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JULY FIELD TRIP will be taken to Golden Gate Park on Sunday, July 16th. Meet at Forty Third Avenue Entrance on Fulton Street at 9:30 a. m. Take McAllister car No. 5, "Beach" sign. Bring lunch, if desired.

The usual route will be followed, through the Chain of Lakes, and *via* buffalo paddock, Spreckels Lake, stadium, Lloyd Lake and Stow Lake. Leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Kibbe.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE JUNE MEETING: The sixty-fifth regular meeting of the Association was held on June 8th, in the Assembly Hall of the San Francisco Public Library, with President Kibbe in the chair; twelve members and nineteen guests in attendance.

A letter was read, from Miss L. M. V. Lamoureux, describing the experiences of herself and the robin, "Cheer," during a lecturing trip through the East.

The feature of the evening consisted of an account by Mr. Alvin Seale, Superintendent of the Steinhart Aquarium, of his two-year trip of exploration throughout the islands of the Pacific, with especial reference to the bird life thereon.

Society Is. Here are found twenty-six species, twelve land and fourteen water birds. On the island of Bora Bora occurs the only parakeet east of Long. 160°. Mr. Seale visited other islands of the Paumotu group, including Mangareva.

Marquesas Is. This group was reached without difficulty, but Mr. Seale spent five months on Nukuhiva, awaiting the coming of some means of transportation elsewhere. Only five species of land bird were found here, but the length of his stay enabled Mr. Seale to satisfy himself that the *akua*, from which were obtained the red feathers of which ceremonial head-dresses were made, had once existed on the island but was then extinct. On this island lies the beautiful Typee valley, eight miles long and about one mile wide, with a waterfall 2,000 feet high at its head, as described in great detail by Herman Melville. In this beautiful vale, as late as 1860, dwelt some 1500 people. Innumerable stone foundations still bear witness of the many dwellings and other buildings that once existed here, but the inhabitants have dwindled to a mere handful.

Tubuai Is. and Cook Is. were next visited and in the latter the bird list is the same as found in the Society Is., not far distant.

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New Zealand, Australia and the New Hebrides Is. were visited in turn. On the latter group are found sixty-seven species.

Solomon Is. came next. Here were found the most primitive people and the only persisting cannibals encountered on the trip. On the island of Bougainville were ninety-one species of bird, the maximum number in any of the groups of small islands.

Caroline Is. were visited and on the island of Yap were found thirty-six species. On the island of Guam, in the Mariana Is. Mr. Seale collected fifty-eight species, of which one-half were water and shore birds and one-half land birds.

Hawaiian Is. birds comprised some fifty-eight species also, of which forty species belonged to one family, the honey-eaters. As noted in the GULL for May, these birds are so highly specialized that they cannot adapt themselves to the changing conditions, and as the vegetation from which they derive their food is cleared away, they disappear with it, and are steadily becoming extinct.

Samoa Is. produced a bird-list similar to that of the Society group, comprising twenty-six species.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this record lies in the great fluctuation in the numbers of species encountered in the various groups of habitat. These exhibit a distinct tendency to diminish as the distance from the continental areas increases. The comparatively large number of species in the Solomon Islands, ninety-one, has resulted from a flow of bird life from Australia and New Guinea, and the next largest list was obtained in the New Hebrides, not far distant. In the Marquesas, most distant from any large land bodies, the minimum of five land species was reached.

Mr. Seale's lecture was illustrated with lantern slides showing the character of the topography and of the inhabitants of various localities in his itinerary and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who was fortunate enough to be present.



ANOTHER BIRD OBSERVATION BY DR. CASEY A. WOOD

The normal human being delights in the experience of a "one-man" companionship of whatever sex or species. That is the reason for admiring the attachment of the soldier for his horse, of the hunter for his dog. He who goes through life without knowing the single-purpose affection of a Collie or an Airedale for his master has missed something. To be fully aware that some one animal believes in you "through and through" and, clinging to you alone, or to you before all others, hangs upon your words and lives upon your approval, not because you are wise, wealthy or beautiful, but simply because "you are you,"—such unselfish devotion is mighty rare in this unhappy world and is well worth living for.

This quality, best known among the canine race, is by no means confined to it, and you would be surprised to learn, if you have not studied the subject, how developed it is in many species of birds. It is marked in parrots, not only in the larger species,—Amazons, African grays, Macaws, etc., but among many of the parakeets, lorikeets, conures and others.

Numerous individuals of these highly intelligent birds have made faithful and acceptable companions for their human relatives. Just why a parrot selects some particular man, woman or child as his "affinity," nobody exactly knows, except that domesticated birds generally carry out, as far as possible, the inherited daily program of their wild state. Being monogamous, (parrots mate early and retain the same companion until death parts them), roosting,

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feeding, flying and living their forest life strictly paired, it appears that when tamed and debarred from mating with one of their own species, they choose another, of the human race!

Happy is the bird who has really found a mate for whom his soul longs, and thrice unhappy if surrounded by uncongenial people who, knowing him not, have bought him merely on account of his beautiful plumage or his conversational powers, without consideration of the all-important question, "does he like me?"—not, "do I like him?"

When I was at the N. Y. Zoological Station, Kartabo, last year, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of another "one-man" bird, a fine, Indian-raised example of the Curassow, (*Crax nigra*) or, as the Guiana natives call him, the Powee or Powis Bird, from his plaintive call of "powee, powee." He had a beautiful, black, iridescent mantle, downy, white underparts, and a highly ornamental, curly crest; and was about the size of a small turkey.

Under the name "Crazy" he roamed at will about the station. We became great friends and eventually he would allow none but me to touch him. We often took walks together and afforded much amusement to my associates when they saw this bird, with dignified gait and an apparent sense of his importance, strutting along a jungle trail with his solitary human companion. As night came on, he always waited about until I was ready to accompany him, a hundred yards away, to his favorite roosting tree—an immense wild fig that overhung the Cuyuni river—at the very top of which, perhaps forty yards from the ground, he spent the night. Arriving at the tree, he slowly climbed and flew from limb to limb until I lost him from view amid the thick foliage and in the fast-falling shades of the tropical night. At daybreak Crazy was wont to fly from his tree, as straight as he could, to my tent, but, I fear, not always making a good shot of it. At least I was several times accosted at breakfast with a remark like this: "That confounded bird of yours landed on my tent early this morning and woke me out of a sound sleep; the next time he does it ——." Of course I apologized and explained that I, too, was waked by a chorus of "powee-powee's" that did not cease until I rose and, pajama-clad, led the hungry bird around to the cook and begged some favorite scraps for his breakfast.

During the day, Crazy lived around the station, occasionally visiting the laboratory, from which he was often ignominiously expelled by some investigator whose "material" he had examined for the purpose of deciding whether or not it was edible. Otherwise his time was largely occupied in the useful work of exterminating grasshoppers and other insects. At length the time arrived for me to leave Kartabo and for Crazy to be sent to the Bronx Park, for which he was originally slated, and as only I could do it, easily, I had to commit the crime of caging this free bird. Oh, how I hated the job! It was no trick at all to lure him into the wire enclosure provided for birds awaiting transportation and then to close the door as I emerged but "alas, the silence in the trees"! The outraged bird would not even look at me next day, nor would he come at my call. I did not blame him, for had I not deserted and betrayed him? However, the day before I left we were, I think, entirely reconciled, and I forgiven. During the night I visited him in his cage, calling softly, "powee-powee-powee." He came over, put out his lovely crested head and allowed himself to be caressed as in the old days. And now I am wondering if Crazy will recognize me when I visit him at the Bronx next month.



WESTERN MOCKINGBIRD

The night is warm and through the open window, (the hour is 10 p.m.), I hear a bird singing. The song is loud and clear, of short duration, but

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pleasing to the ear. It dies away but is instantly repeated a little farther away, and yet again at a greater distance. Is the bird singing in flight, and in the night? No, it is the nesting time of the mockingbird and his days are so full of song that it affects his slumbers.

At any time of the night one may hear a male break forth into song. This seems to rouse his neighbors, who, not to be outdone, render each a selection in turn, and so on down the line until in the distance only a faint tinkle is heard.

This goes on at irregular intervals through the night and on this occasion it helped at least one person through the long hours of a night while waiting for a relief train to pick us up after a wreck.

For one who is familiar with the breeding song, rendered at times so low as to be inaudible, it is hard to realize that later in the year this bird can be screaming, scolding and mimicking every sound that is harsh and disagreeable to the ear. He puts the jay to shame for noise and he makes the nights hideous. That he derives his education from his surroundings is evident, for the city-dwellers far outdo their country relatives in noise.

CARL R. SMITH.



JUNE FIELD TRIP was taken on Sunday, the 11th, to Tennessee Cove and the high bluffs overlooking the ocean. The small number in the party proved a very satisfactory and interesting group for birding. The seven were Mrs. Reygadas, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Baily, Mr. More and Mr. Rapp, members, and Felix Jacobs, of Redwood City, a visitor.

The day was cool and invigorating, in contrast last month's field trip. Several nests were located and viewed; among them those of a meadowlark and a linnet. A red-tailed hawk entertained the party up on the bluffs by looping the loop and making nose dives like an aeroplane, with a sharp cry added.

The bird list included the following: California murre, western and California gulls and a Farallon cormorant; great blue and black-crowned night herons; California quail, band-tailed pigeon, turkey vulture and red-tailed hawk; flicker, Allen hummer, black phoebe and California horned lark; coast and California jays, crow, bi-colored redwing, meadowlark and Brewer black-bird; California linnet, willow and green-backed goldfinches; western savannah, Nuttall and song sparrows, San Francisco and California towhees; black-headed grosbeak, lazuli bunting, cliff swallow and Hutton vireo; lutescent and golden pileolated warblers, Vigors wren; chickadee, wren-tit and bush-tit; russet-backed thrush and western bluebird. Forty species in all.

HILDA BAILY.

AUDUBON ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC

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